FEB
Promethea
24
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PROMETHEA

God-fostered child made living tale that the imaginative might put on like pearls, or armor. So the story went.

They spoke it in Arabic, where a girl was moved to pen her own song of Promethea, and, doing so, became the heroine.

They told it in Constantinople and inspired a maid to verse so that she was alike transformed, made to manifest fable.

In her eastern wastes, after a time, Promethea heard the Prophet's teachings and, renouncing her Pagan idols, was made convert.

In her northern city likewise did Promethea set aside all magic art, and so did enter into Christ.

And neither one knew of the other. Wind drew serpent-trails between the dunes. In this way, many years were passed.

CROSS, STAR, MOON, SHAPES IN THE SAND (EVERYTHING GOES WRONG)

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KRISTY QUINN, asst. ed. — SCOTT DUNBIER, editor

UMMMM.

HUH.

...BEAT ME ♪ LIKE AN EGG BY ♪ FABERGE... ♪ ...LA DA DA DA...♪

COME ON AND EAT YOUR ACHOCALYPSE POPS.

I STILL CAN'T GET OVER IT. YOU BEING *PROMETHEA*.

THAT STUFF... YOU KNOW. ABOUT YOUR DAD. WE GOTTA TALK MORE ABOUT THAT.

MNMF... YEAH, WE DO. THERE'S A *LOT* OF THINGS WE HAVE TO DO TOGETHER.

MOM, LOOK, I'D BETTER GET TO *COLLEGE*...

HEY, MOM.

GOD, I SLEPT GREAT LAST NIGHT. IT'S SO GOOD BEING BACK HOME, WITH YOU AND EVERYTHING.

BABY, I HARDLY SLEPT. I WAS THINKING, ABOUT EVERYTHING YOU TOLD ME. EVERYTHING WE TALKED ABOUT.

I KNOW, SWEETHEART. THIS PROMETHEA THING, IT'S GREAT, BUT IT AIN'T A *FUTURE*.

YOU DON'T WANT IT SCREWING UP YOUR *GRADES*.

HA HA. MOM, I'M KINDA KNOCKED OUT THAT YOU CARE SO MUCH.

I'LL BE BACK LATER, AND WE'LL TALK.

AND MOM, THIS IS SORT OF *SECRET*, OKAY? ONLY YOU AND STACIA KNOW ABOUT THIS.

LISTEN, I'LL SEE YOU LATER. I LOVE YOU.

I LOVE YOU, BABY.

Jim Lee, Editorial Director • John Nee, VP & General Manager • Scott Dunbier, Group Editor

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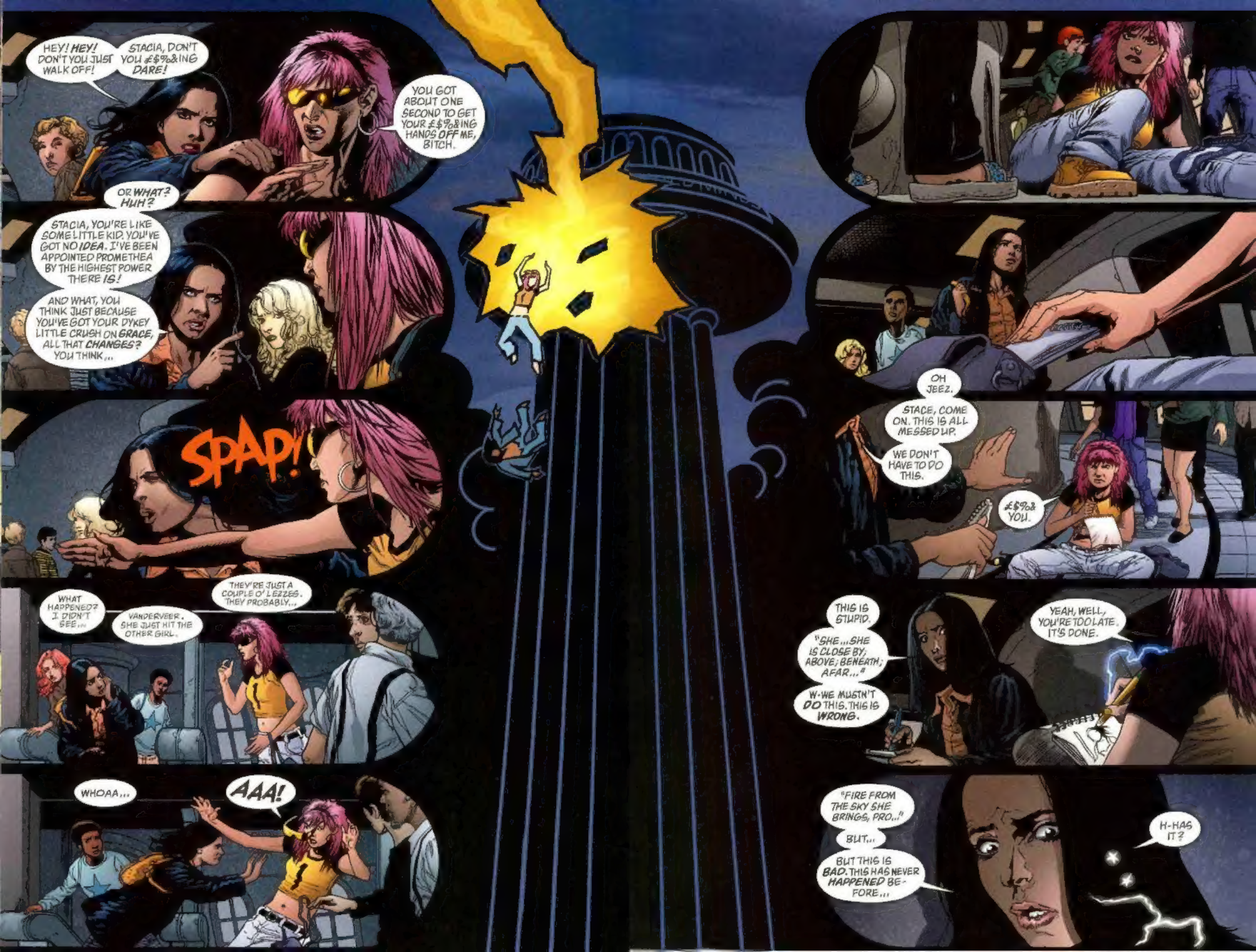
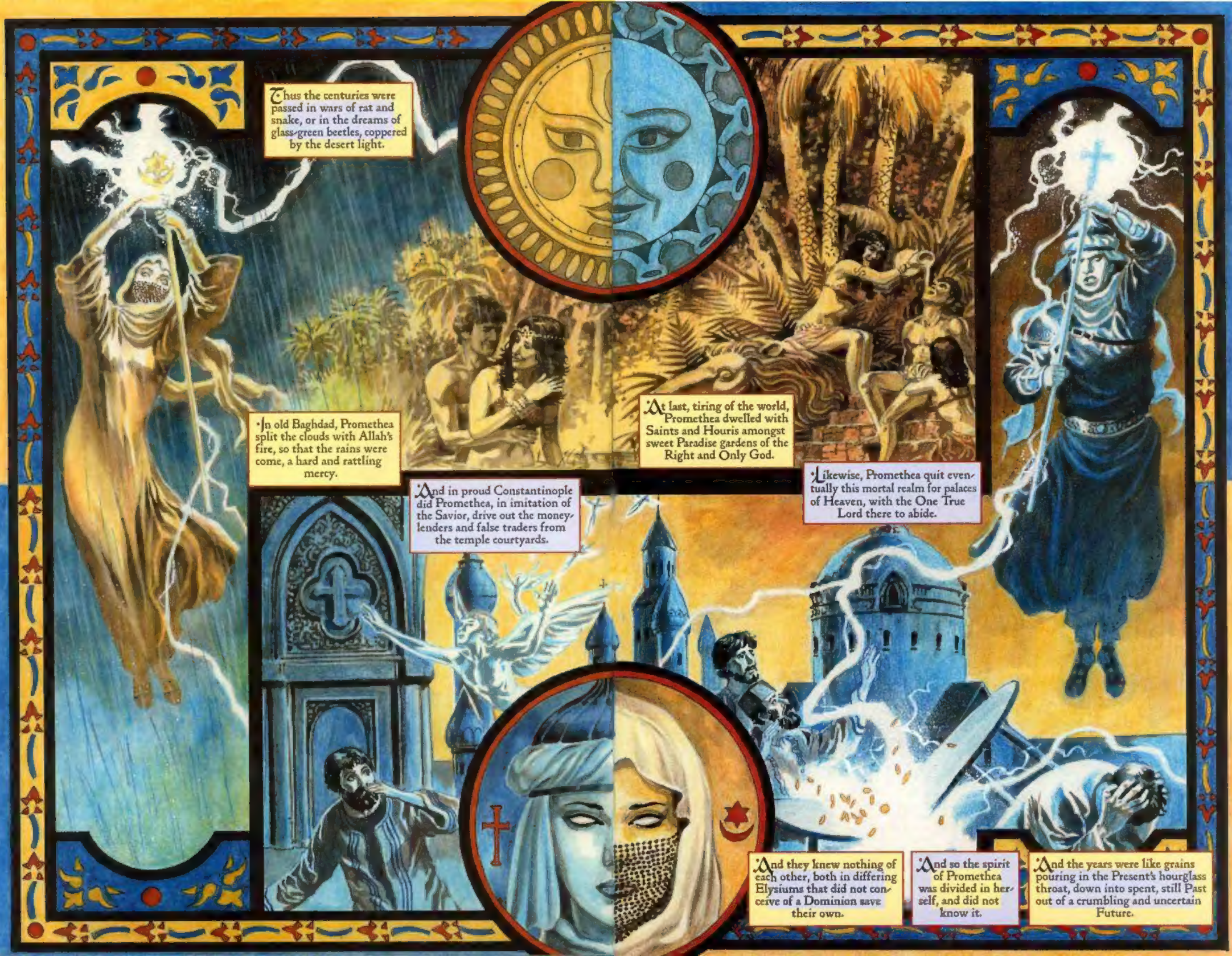
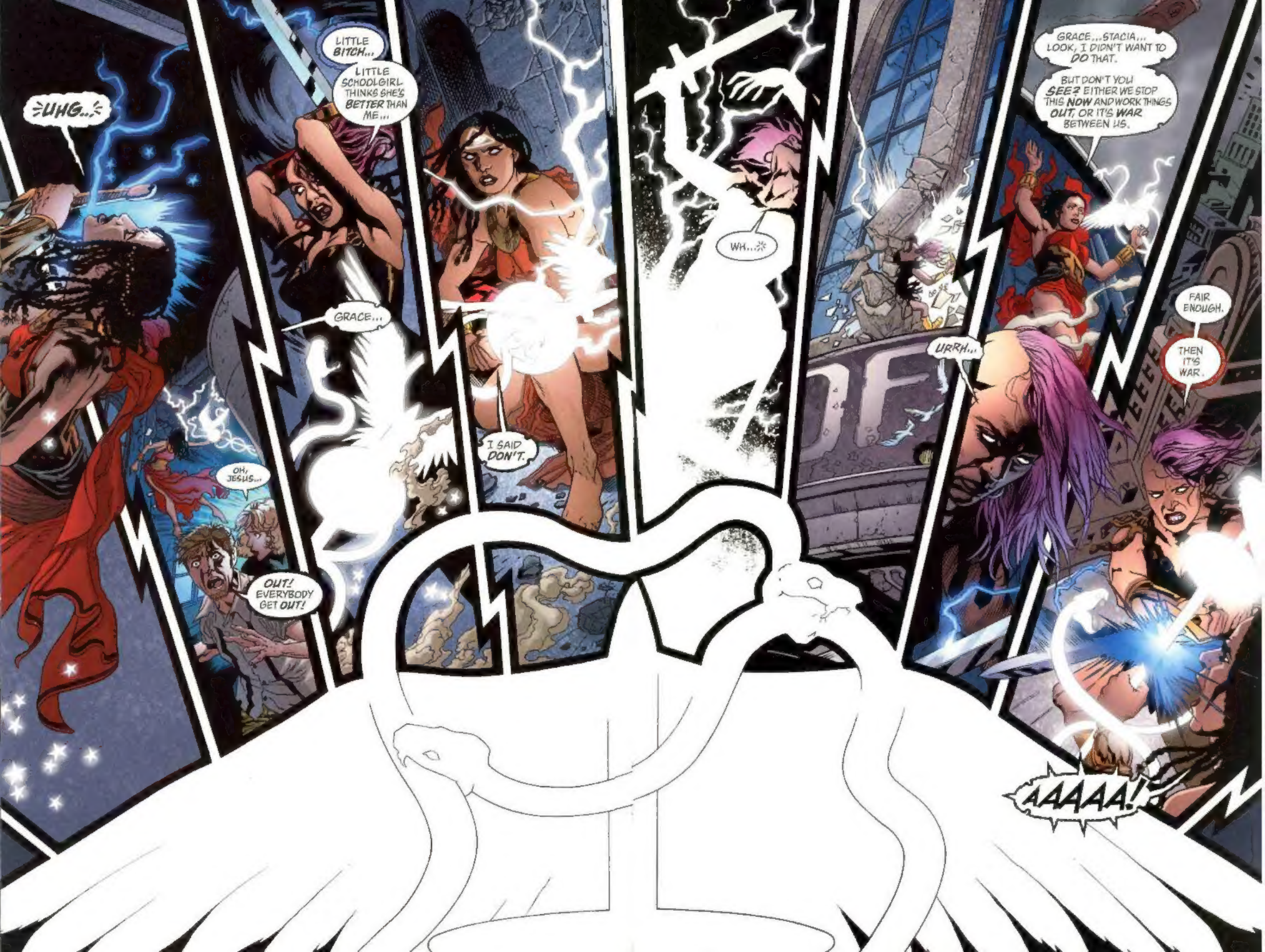
STACE!
OH MAN, IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!
WAIT TILL I TELL YOU ALL THE COOL PLACES I'VE BEEN!
IT WAS FANTASTIC! I MET MY DAD, MY REAL DAD? STACE, HE WAS GORGEOUS!
AND THERE WAS THIS SCARY BIT, WHERE I SAW GRACE AND YOU. YOU WERE...
UH...
STACIA?
HEY.
HEY, COME ON. WHAT'S UP? DID I DO SOMETHING?
STACE, COME ON, PLEASE. THIS IS SCARING ME.
OH. NOBODY ARRANGED A WELCOME HOME PARTY FOR SOPHIE, AND IT'S SCARING HER.
WHEREAS ME AND GRACE HANDLING THAT DEMON-COCKTAIL OF A MAYOR, THAT WAS JUST R&R, HUH?
STACE?
L-LOOK, I'M BACK, OKAY? I CAN TAKE OVER AS PROMETHEA AGAIN...
YOU THINK? WHAT, BEING PROMETHEA'S SOMETHING YOU CAN JUST HAND OUT OR TAKE AWAY?
SO, SOPHIE, THIS KABALLAH: DID YOU MEET GOD? GIVE HIM ANY GOOD ADVICE?
STACIA, WHY ARE YOU BEING LIKE THIS? WAS...WAS IT TOUGH, BEING PARTNERED WITH GRACE?
JESUS, SOPHIE, YOU ARE SO NAIVE.
I'M &$%&ING GRACE.
WE LOVE EACH OTHER.
AND WE'RE STAYING TOGETHER.
WHICH MEANS I'M STAYING ON AS PROMETHEA. END OF STORY.
SEE YOU AROUND.


HEY! HEY! DON'T YOU JUST WALK OFF!
STACIA, DON'T YOU £$%&ING DARE!
YOU GOT ABOUT ONE SECOND TO GET YOUR £$%&ING HANDS OFF ME, BITCH.
OR WHAT? HUH?
STACIA, YOU'RE LIKE SOME LITTLE KID. YOU'VE GOT NO IDEA. I'VE BEEN APPOINTED PROMETHEA BY THE HIGHEST POWER THERE IS!
AND WHAT, YOU THINK JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT YOUR DYKEY LITTLE CRUSH ON GRACE, ALL THAT CHANGES? YOU THINK...
SPAP!
OH JEEZ.
STACE, COME ON. THIS IS ALL MESSED UP.
WE DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.
£$%& YOU.
WHAT HAPPENED? I DIDN'T SEE...
VANDERVEER. SHE JUST HIT THE OTHER GIRL.
THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE O' LEZZES. THEY PROBABLY...
THIS IS STUPID.
"SHE... SHE IS CLOSE BY; ABOVE; BENEATH; AFAR..."
W-WE MUSTN'T DO THIS. THIS IS WRONG.
YEAH, WELL, YOU'RE TOO LATE. IT'S DONE.
WHOAA...
AAA!
"FIRE FROM THE SKY SHE BRINGS, PRO..."
BUT...
BUT THIS IS BAD. THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED BE-FORE...
H-HAS IT?


Thus the centuries were passed in wars of rat and snake, or in the dreams of glass-green beetles, coppered by the desert light.
In old Baghdad, Promethea split the clouds with Allah's fire, so that the rains were come, a hard and rattling mercy.
At last, tiring of the world, Promethea dwelled with Saints and Houris amongst sweet Paradise gardens of the Right and Only God.
And in proud Constantinople did Promethea, in imitation of the Savior, drive out the money-lenders and false traders from the temple courtyards.
Likewise, Promethea quit eventually this mortal realm for palaces of Heaven, with the One True Lord there to abide.
And they knew nothing of each other, both in differing Elysiums that did not conceive of a Dominion save their own.
And so the spirit of Promethea was divided in herself, and did not know it.
And the years were like grains pouring in the Present's hourglass throat, down into spent, still Past out of a crumbling and uncertain Future.

HM.
I DON'T THINK WE'VE BEEN INTRODUCED, HAVE WE, DARLING?
WHAT HAVE YOU COME AS, EXACTLY?
IT'S STILL ME, BUT I'M DIFFERENT NOW. AND I'M RE-CLAIMING MY EARTHLY DUTIES.
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, GRACE? THIS WASN'T OUR AGREEMENT.
THINGS CHANGE, DARLING. FOR ALL OF US.
I'VE GROWN RATHER ATTACHED TO PHYSICAL EXISTENCE.
AND TO STACIA, AS I BELIEVE SHE MENTIONED.
GRACE, THE GODDESS HAS APPOINTED ME PROMETHEA OF THIS ERA.
COMPARED WITH THAT, YOU AND STACIA AREN'T IMPORTANT.
I OUTRANK YOU NOW.
ME? YOU OUTRANK ME?
I AM GRACE £$%&ING BRANNAGH, DARLING, AND I'M THE BEST THERE'S EVER BEEN!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS.
DEFEND YOURSELF.
GRACE, WE CAN WORK THIS OUT. DON'T...


=UHG..:=
LITTLE BITCH...
LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL THINKS SHE'S BETTER THAN ME...
GRACE...
I SAID DON'T.
WH...:*
GRACE...STACIA... LOOK, I DIDN'T WANT TO DO THAT.
BUT DON'T YOU SEE? EITHER WE STOP THIS NOW AND WORK THINGS OUT, OR IT'S WAR BETWEEN US.
URRH...
FAIR ENOUGH.
THEN IT'S WAR.
OH, JESUS...
OUT! EVERYBODY GET OUT!
AAAAA!

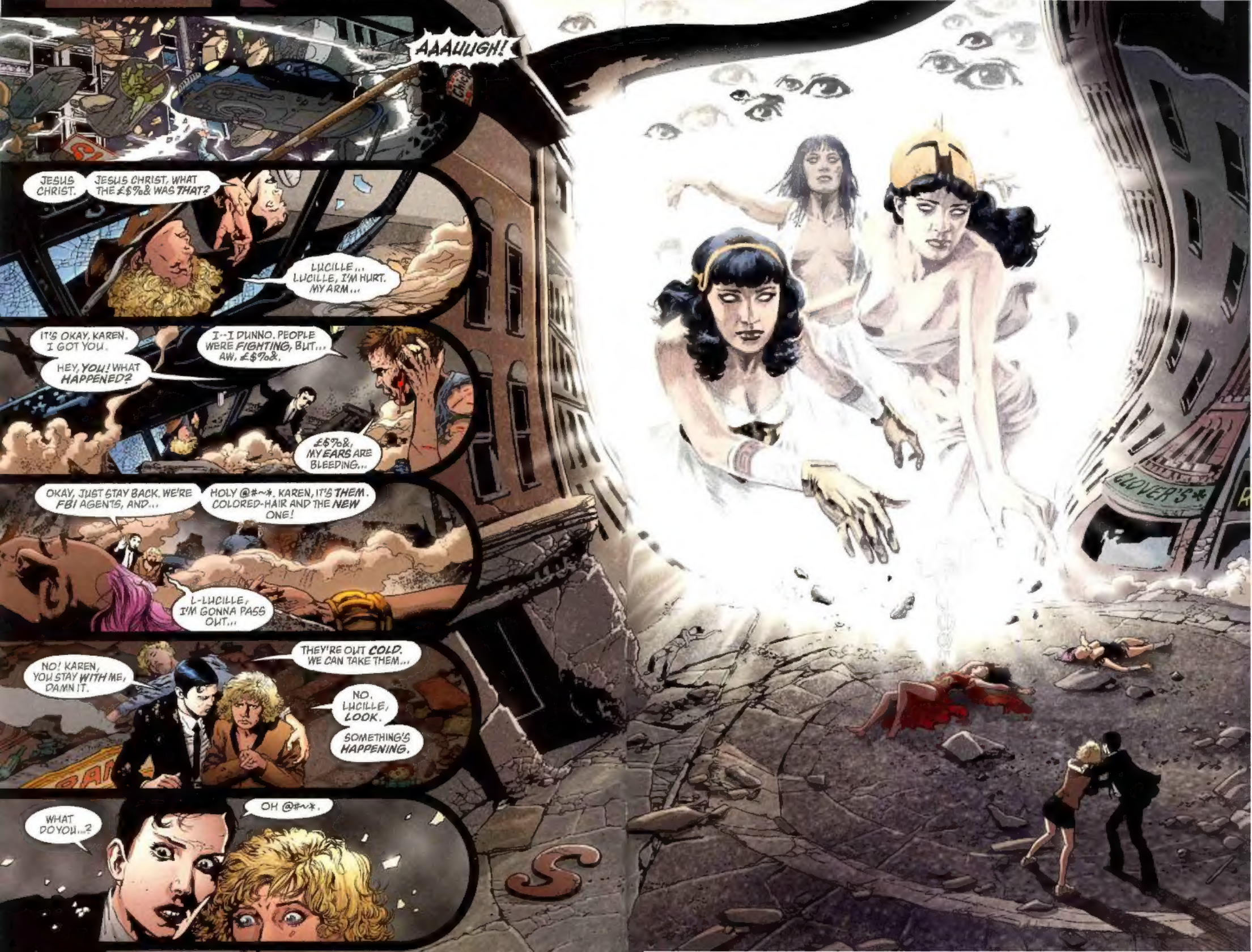
And then, in the Eleventh Century, came the Crusades.
And from her sweet Islamic Paradise Promethea saw the conflict, and, descending unto Earth, did wage Jihad against the infidel.
And when news of the war was heard in Heaven, so Promethea came down and was a vengeful fire amongst the heathens.
And oft amid her dunes Promethea heard tell of another like her, yet that fought with the Crusaders, but believed it not.
While on the desert winds came stories to Promethea of one like she that sided with the Saracens, these tales she dismissed as fancies.
Thus, in the year 1097, they were met at Antioch.

UH-OH.
LUCE, IT'S HER. THE ONE WITH COLORED HAIR, AND... AND A NEW ONE.
JESUS.
COME ON. WE HAVE TO GET OVER THERE RIGHT NOW.

...DIFFERENT SCIENCE-HEROINES, BOTH CLAIMING TO BE PROMETHEA.
MORE THAN TWO DOZEN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN INJURED AND PROPERTY DAMAGE COULD RUN TO MILLIONS...
SOPHIE..?
DEAR GOD THEY'RE FIGHTING. THIS IS UNPRECEDENTED
I - I DUNNO, MARGARET HONEY I'M GETTING REAL DEJA-VU HERE.
M STRESS BIOL SPEAKS TRUCY
THIS HAPPENED BEFORE

Their war was terrible, yet not so fierce as the alarm that fluttered sudden in their souls, the dread that tolled now in their hearts.
So broadsword clashed against plumed spear.
Scimitar rang on blood-crossed shield.
Yet they fought on, and told themselves the tears that welled up unaccountably in both their eyes were caused by dust, by desert wind.
By smoke.
And everything proceeded as it must.
And within each of them, the spirit-child Promethea, divided in itself, began to weep and grow afraid, and yet did not know why.
And still they battled on, and knew each other not.
At last, locked in their death-grip, two religions looked into each other's eyes and recognized themselves.
Knew then that both were halves of what had been one holy, undivided source.
Screaming, cursing, each by different gods, they fought, each certain they alone were she, Promethea, the very principle of mankind's spiritual imaginings.
Like dogs they raged, they snarled.
Like dogs.
Thus, drowning in their blood with realization mirrored in stunned eyes, they tried to kiss, but died before they did.
And the Promethea spirit, reunited with herself, held in her scream of horror, wiped the schism from her mind, forgot it quite...
And the planes hit the buildings.
And the smartbomb hits the mosque.
The tanks roll over a demolished settlement.
The pretty student in the shopping precinct gets exactly halfway through her last defiant prayer.
...until a great while later.
I...
OH GOD.
W-WE...

LIMP
IN CONCERT


AAAUUGH!
JESUS CHRIST.
JESUS CHRIST, WHAT THE £$%& WAS THAT?
LUCILLE... LUCILLE, I'M HURT. MY ARM...
IT'S OKAY, KAREN. I GOT YOU.
HEY, YOU! WHAT HAPPENED?
I--I DUNNO. PEOPLE WERE FIGHTING, BUT... AW, £$%&.
£$%&, MY EARS ARE BLEEDING...
OKAY, JUST STAY BACK. WE'RE FBI AGENTS, AND...
HOLY @#~*. KAREN, IT'S THEM. COLORED-HAIR AND THE NEW ONE!
L-LUCILLE, I'M GONNA PASS OUT...
NO! KAREN, YOU STAY WITH ME, DAMN IT.
THEY'RE OUT COLD. WE CAN TAKE THEM...
NO. LUCILLE, LOOK. SOMETHING'S HAPPENING.
WHAT DO YOU...?
OH @#~*.
GLOVER'S

MARGARET, SWEETHEART, WE SHOULDN'T OPEN A DOORWAY LIKE THIS. ONLY DEMONS DO THAT STUFF.
BILL, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY. WE'VE GOT TO LIMIT THE DAMAGE THAT'S ALREADY BEEN DONE.
ALL RIGHT, ANNA. WE'VE GOT THEM. YOU CAN SEAL UP THE APERTURE.
KAREN, IT'S ALL OF THEM! SUBJECT 1901-1920, SUBJECT 1941-1970...
KAREN?
NOW WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT ABOUT?

NEXT: A HIGHER COURT!